

Home Circle

I'm Going to Be a Man

A. E. GODFREY

I'm going to be a man, some day,
I'm going to be a man,
And if life's victories I would win,
And conquer self and conquer sin,
'Tis just the time now to begin,
If I'm going to be a man.

If I a place in the world would take,
When I get to be a man,
Like the heroes brave who in battle died,
Or the men who are now their country's pride,
I must fight for the right, and in it abide,
When I get to be a man.

I must see that my armor's buckled on,
If I'm going to be a man.
I must keep my heart both pure and strong,
And yield no place to the smallest wrong;
And this I'll take for my battle-song,
"I'm going to be a man."

For a coward now is a coward then,
And I'm going to be a man,
And bravery now is the thing for me,
Then all the world will plainly see
What sort of a boy I used to be—
When I get to be a man.

—Sabbath-school Visitor.

One Cause of an Evil

Sister Laura Slotter, North Ontario, California, sends us the following from the *Los Angeles Times* for publication in the EVANGELIST.

No really observant person of middle age can have failed to notice a growing tendency among the young, during the past generation, to disregard and undervalue the advice of their elders. This is especially true of the relations between parents and children. Formerly, the son and the daughter honored and obeyed the parent, not alone during the years of tender childhood, but up to the time of independent manhood and womanhood, when the law made them men and women, subject to no other authority than their own wills and the laws of the land. Often, indeed, sons and daughters continued to respect the parental authority long after the time when they became of legal age. Such instances are not wanting today, but they are far less frequent than they were even a few years ago. The boy and the girl of today as a general proposition, begin to chafe at parental restraint very soon after arriving at the age of puberty. With the crass ignorance of early youth, they mistake the kindly but firm restraints which are necessarily placed upon them by those who are morally and legally answerable for their conduct as a species of oppression. Too often they cherish unjust resentments against those whose lives are consecrated to them, and who would not hesitate at any sacrifice for their good. Fortunate, indeed, is the parent who can guide his child or his children safely thro the perilous years which intervene between puberty and the age of legal responsibility. To do so requires, in the vast majority of cases, the rarest of tact, sublime patience, saintly forbearance, stoical firmness and even weakness at opportune moments; for there are times when apparent weakness

is more potent for good than Spartan firmness.

Why is it that the young of today are less respectful toward their elders than formerly? Why are parental authority and counsel more lightly regarded now than in the past? Why this growing tendency of the young to break away from the wholesome and wise restraints which experience and love seeks to throw about inexperience and innocence? Why are parents so often deceived, ignored, insulted and made to suffer, while young lives are needlessly wrecked on the reefs of ignorance, of inexperience, of willfulness, of folly? There must be some cause for this deplorable state of affairs. Some strong but sinister influence must be operating upon the minds of the young, or the world of parents and guardians is becoming imbecile.

A subtle influence, of the kind referred to, may be found without searching very far. It exists, unmistakably, in our modern literature and our modern drama. Novel-reading and play going have grown to be common diversions—or vices—with the coming generation. Our modern fiction, and a large proportion of current plays, are permeated by ideas calculated to pervert the ideas of the young, and to lead the immature mind to wrong and dangerous conclusions.

A young girl goes to the theater, accompanied by parents or friends. The play is of good repute—surely, no harm can come to a mere child by witnessing it! The play must have a plot. It must have a love "motif." It must have characters. Among the characters, in four cases out of five, will be found a young and pretty girl, a lover, ardent, young, handsome, chivalrous, and, as a foil, a stern parent, who is opposed, for some reason or other, to the realization of "love's young dream." In the exploitation of the play, as a matter of course, the stern father is outwitted, defeated and humiliated, while the "love interest" emerges triumphant over all obstacles. So destitute of invention is the average playwright that he must needs place parent or guardian in the wrong, or seemingly so, in almost every instance, in order to serve the harmonious outworking of his story.

What is the effect of this sort of thing upon the unformed mind of youth? The question answers itself. Any one who has studied the countenance of a young girl as she watches the unfolding of an interesting drama by capable actors, needs not to be told that the mimic scenes are to her, for the time, an intense and living reality. To such an auditor the scenes presented are not a play, but a thrilling chapter from real life. They leave upon her impressionable mind an indelible record for good or for evil. Inasmuch as the majority of plays—owing principally to the playwright's paucity of invention—make parents and guardians monsters of iniquity and hard-heartedness, and make hero and heroine the very paragons of virtue and goodness, the effect upon an impressionable mind is obvious. The view of life presented upon the stage is accepted as true. It is too al-

luring to be rejected for the unromantic realities of everyday life. It is surrounded by a glamor of romance which obscures its falseness and hides its ugliness.

A large proportion of our current fiction is permeated by the same false ideas of those exploited in the current drama. A plot without a tyrannous parent, an unjustly treated daughter, or something of the sort, is the exception rather than the rule. A hosanna of universal acclaim awaits the playwright and the novelist who will picture life as it is, and put into his work "a motive and a cue for action" which will reflect the truth, uphold the right, and take proper account of the tears, the yearnings, the disappointments and the despair of heartbroken parents whose lives are a continuing sacrifice and a daily tragedy, because of the indifference, the cruelty, the thoughtlessness, the hard-heartedness, of those who are dearer to them, in spite of all, than life itself.

Sisters' Society C. E.

Treasurer's Report of S. S. C. E. for the Month of January

Missions.—Akron, Ind., S. S. C. E., \$1.90. Total in fund, \$189.38.

Theological Chair.—South Bend, Ind., S. S. C. E., \$2.50; P. M. Swinehart on pledge, \$1.00. Total in fund, \$230.29.

Superannuated Minister's Fund.—Total in fund, \$26.44.

Holsinger Fund.—David Augustine on pledge, 50 cents. Expenditures: To brother H. R. Holsinger, \$10.00. Total in fund, \$16.50.

ALICE E. AUGUSTINE.

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Our Young People

Obscure Martyrs

("The world knows nothing of its greatest men.")

They have no place in storied page;

No rest in marble shrine;

They are past and gone with a perished age,

They died and "made no sign."

But work that shall find its wages yet,

And deeds that their God did not forget,

Done for their love divine—

These were their mourners, and these shall be
Crowns of their immortality.

O seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye shall not find their trace;

No graven stone is at their head,

No green grass hides their face;

But sad and unseen is their silent grave—

It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,

Or a lonely desert place;

For they needed no prayers and no mourning bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;

We shall know at last by a certain token

How they fought and fell in the fight.

Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,

Passionate cries unchronicled,

And silent strifes for the right—

Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh

That she left her best children to battle and die.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.